

"YOUR FATHER'S DEAD."

Synopsis—Stacey Wallen, first mate of the bark Upolo, in the Java sea, is the sole survivor of the crew, all victims of yellow fever. Ting Wah, Chinese sailor, last man to die, tells Wallen he and five other Chinamen were sent aboard by "Drink-House Sam," notorious character of Singapore, to kill him. This recalls to Wallen an incident of his childhood which seems connected with the confession. While delirious, Wallen enters in the ship's log the fact of his death and abandons the vessel in a small boat. Wallen's boat drifts to the island of Arru and a Red-ash trader there, MacKnight, cares for him. Learning that a ship is in port on the other side of the island, twenty miles away, Wallen, though unfit for the task, starts to reach it, but falls exhausted on the trail. There he is found by a man and woman who are from the ship he was trying to reach. Mott, first mate, and Helen Mackay, a passenger. They convey him to the vessel. This ship proves to be a small tramp steamer, the Monleigh, Capt. Laynton.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

It was a little strange. Ships like the Monleigh weren't in the habit of indulging in expensive luxuries of that description! His brows gathered for a moment; and then, with a shrug of his shoulders, he walked forward to the captain's cabin under the bridge and knocked.

"Come in!" bawled a voice gruffly. Wallen entered to face the little man with the thin face and queer eyes—he promptly modified "queer" by "evasive" now—that he recognized as the captain.

"Hello!" exclaimed the captain in suddenly altered tones. "If it isn't Mr. Wallen! And on your plus already! Well, I'll be —! But sit down! Sit down!" He waved Wallen to a seat on the locker and pushed forward the bottle and glass that were on the table. "Sit down, Mr. Wallen, and help yourself!"

Wallen shook his head as he seated himself.

"Thanks just the same," he said; "but I'm still sticking to quinine."

"Quinine, eh?" repeated the other. "Yes, of course! Yes—right you are! Well—he poured a glass for himself—here's to you, and just as 'orry if I drink alone. And I'll add, Mr. Wallen, that it's to the roughest meeting that ever I've known in my life!"

Wallen watched the man's neat disposal of four fingers, leaned back on the locker, swept his eyes around the



"Captain Laynton—Mark Laynton."

cabin, and suddenly looking up at the captain again, intercepted a furtive glance that the other was stealing at him over the rim of his glass.

"That ever I've known," said the captain hastily as his eyes dropped. "There'll be a lot to say to each other, Mr. Wallen."

"Yes," Wallen agreed. "I'll confess I'm puzzled on several points. Captain—Laynton, isn't it? I'm not sure I caught the name correctly when Miss Mackay introduced us."

"That's right," said the other. "Laynton. Captain Laynton—Mark Laynton."

"Well, Captain Laynton," said Wallen, "your reference to our meeting being a rum one only leaves me a little more up in the air. I can understand, of course, that you might have heard of the Upolo being missing—or reported lost; but I can't understand how you knew I was on her—or, knowing that, what interest you could have in me."

Captain Laynton laughed a little in a constrained way.

"I didn't know anything about the

bark's loss until I put in here yesterday and heard there was a survivor from her on the other side of the island—but I knew about you fast enough."

He paused, shot a swift, restless glance at Wallen, then began to pace, three steps one way, three steps the other, up and down the narrow cabin.

"D—n it, man!" he said abruptly. "I've got bad news for you. Your father's dead!"

For a moment Wallen neither moved nor spoke. It was difficult to grasp the full significance of the words. His father—dead!

What did this thin-faced man, with the little black eyes that always refused to meet one's own, who was clumping nervously now up and down a little cabin on a rusty tramp steamer here in the Java sea, at the other end of the world, know of his father, who never left the four walls of that lonely gray stone house in California?

"What do you know about my father?"—he found himself speaking in a quiet voice.

Captain Laynton stopped impulsively in front of his table, pulled the drawer open, took out a sheet of paper and handed it to Wallen.

"You'll get the drift of this yourself, I guess," he ventured.

Wallen stared at the paper, at first with curious bewilderment—and then, with the sudden flash of comprehension, he was on his feet. It was a list of the ports of call scheduled for the ill-fated Upolo on her last voyage—ports of call that she had never made.

"What does this mean?" he demanded in a low voice. "How did you come by this?"

"Your father gave it to me," the captain answered. "And now, if you'll just listen for a minute, I'll give you the whole story, and you'll see for yourself. First I might as well tell you, though, that I own this ship. Well, I was in Honolulu—light, you understand—when your father came aboard one evening and offered to charter me for a three months' cruise down here. He made the price right, paid the money down in advance, and I closed with him."

"He gave me the list of ports, and said his son was on a trading bark called the Upolo, and that he wanted to get track of him as soon as possible, and offered an extra bonus for all hands if we made a quick job of it. That's all I know about the reason for the cruise. Well, to cut a long story short, we started away, and were down just south of the line when the accident happened."

"Your father was alone down in his cabin. We heard a shot, rushed below, and, thinking it strange that he didn't show up in the excitement, called to him—but got no answer. Well, we burst in his cabin door and found him dead across the bunk."

"You mean," said Wallen through tight lips, "that he committed suicide?"

"No. Wait!" Captain Laynton shook his head. "It wasn't that. God knows how it happened! The thing went off—there's all. He was cleaning one of those patent automatic pistols. There was a bottle of oil, a cleaning rag, and a wire swabbing brush on the floor. And—Laynton poured himself another glass from the bottle, gulped it down, and wiped his lips with the back of his hand—"Well, I'm trying to give it to you in a few words—we hurried him at sea of course."

Wallen turned his back and stared out of one of the forward portholes down onto the dirty foredeck. Was the man lying? Was he telling the truth? That his father had chartered the Monleigh and sailed with her—yes.

But that his death was accidental—the background of his father's life—the recent attempt upon his own life! His brain was working in flashes. This man Laynton repelled him.

An accident—never! There was no room for doubt—"never go to the limit"—it was not an accident—his father had been murdered on this ship. And then suddenly he swallowed hard.

It was to save him that his father had chartered the Monleigh and come East; for, according to that list of ports, his father somehow had been in touch with his movements, somehow had known the danger he was in, and, trying to avert it, had been murdered himself.

A cold, merciless passion swept upon him. Someone on this ship was the murderer. Was it this man here? What was at the bottom of it all? It was a long arm of vengeance that reached to that gray stone house in California, that reached to Singapore, to this ship, to that sweltering, plague-stricken bark where, strangely enough, he alone had lived!

And now the score was a very heavy one to pay—his father's life! Well—his eyes narrowed—he would pay it! "Did my father bring a native servant with him—a man named Gunga?" he asked dispassionately.

"No," the other replied. "He was alone."

Wallen nodded. "What else is there to tell me?"

"Not much—but what you can guess," Laynton said. "I ran down through the Makassar strait and made for the nearest port on that list—Pohi here. Your father had paid me for the three months, and if I say it myself, when I make a bargain I stick to it. If I could find you inside the three months I was going to do it."

"I don't know what your father was so anxious about, though I understand, of course, that he chartered me because out here, with you touching at those trading stations, he couldn't reach you by mail or cable; but I made sure it was something mighty important and I thought you'd know what it was."

It was almost an interrogation, put naturally, nonchalantly enough—save for a trace of eagerness in the man's tones that was not entirely disguised.

"I haven't the slightest idea," said Wallen smoothly.

"You haven't?" Laynton's eyes for once fixed steadfastly. "Well, that's queer! A man don't go to the expense of chartering a ship like this without a pretty good reason, and—"

"I dare say my father knew," suggested Wallen quietly. Then briskly: "The question now is: What are you going to do, captain?"

"Why?" said Captain Laynton. "I thought I'd made that plain enough. When I make a contract I keep it. It's



"These Are Your Father's Papers."

up to you, Mr. Wallen. There's still say, a matter of two months before that charter expires, and the Monleigh's yours until it does—in your father's place. That's square, isn't it?"

Wallen hesitated thoughtfully.

On the face of it it was both square and honorable. He began to wonder if he had misjudged the man.

And yet, instinctively, in spite of that, there seemed something specious even in the honesty that appeared to underlie the other's motives. He had reason enough to distrust every soul on board a ship where he was morally certain his father had been murdered!

Two months—if he accepted the captain's offer. If he had only something to work on!

Something! Yes, he had something. Drink-House Sam of Singapore!

Captain Laynton spoke again: "Look here!" he said in almost hushed tones. "I can't make you any fairer proposition than that. Can I?"

"No," said Wallen instantly, his mind made up. "And I'll accept your offer, captain, and thank you heartily for it."

"Good!" returned Laynton promptly. "Well, with that settled, what's the sailing orders? We've got steam up and can get away any minute you say the word."

"Then by all means get away at once!" he laughed easily. "And—he hesitated—"let's see! I guess you'd better shape up for Singapore. Yes, call it Singapore for a starter."

"Right!" answered Laynton. "Singapore it is! But here—wait a minute, Mr. Wallen."

He hurried to a small iron safe that was built in under his bunk, opened it, and returned with a bulky manila envelope, which he handed to Wallen.

"These are your father's papers," he explained. "I collected them together and put them away for safe-keeping."

"Thank you," said Wallen gravely. He stepped out onto the deck. "Oh, by the way, captain," he observed casually. "I notice you carry wireless."

The captain's whistle, pulled from his pocket, chirped shrilly.

"You there, forward!" he bawled in a sea voice that was like the bellow of a bull. "Stand by to weigh anchor, Mr. Mott! Hey, Mr. Mott!"

And as the second officer emerged from the chartroom, just about the bridge and directly over the captain's cabin: "We'll get under way at once. Let me know when she's up and down."

He turned to Wallen. "Wireless, you said? Oh, yes! It's that blasted new American law—can't trade in American ports without it now, you know."

Helen Mackay tells about herself to the hero.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEWS and GOSSIP OF WASHINGTON



"Big Berthas" Are Missing With Their Secrets

WASHINGTON.—There are at least two first-class mysteries of the great war. One is the fate of the U. S. collier Cyclops and the other is: What became of the German "Big Berthas" which shelled Paris from a distance of approximately 70 miles? Ten months have elapsed since the armistice and Big Bertha is as much a mystery to the allies as she was on November 11. English, American, and Belgian intelligence have not unearthed any enlightening information. It seems that several cannon, weighing hundreds of tons each and of great length, have disappeared.

One answer is that Big Bertha and all her long-nosed sisters no longer exist. If this is so, the world has been cheated of a priceless secret, to be resurrected by the Germans in the next war, League of Nations notwithstanding. The destruction of these remarkable cannon was the only way Germany could keep them out of the hands of the allies, for under the treaty of peace she is required to turn over all guns to be scrapped or studied. The destruction of the guns to preserve the invention for German use only of course would be a breach of faith, but if any nation does any worrying about that fact it probably won't be Germany.

About these uncanny weapons the allies do know that each was attended by a large crew of picked men from the navy. They know that Big Bertha virtually has a heft of a hypothetical 30-inch naval gun, but that the bore is only 9.4 instead of 30. They suspect that behind this 9.4 projectile the Germans placed a powder charge which would throw a 30-inch projectile a reasonable distance. But just how the breech was constructed to stand the terrific pressure of the explosion, and of what stuff the barrel was made, and how—they still must learn from the Germans.

Plant Census Would Show Over 300,000 Varieties

NOW that Uncle Sam is to take a census it is interesting to know something about the number of plants. The great Swedish naturalist Linnaeus, the father of modern scientific nomenclature, described about 10,000 different plants. Since his time scientific explorers have gone out to all parts of the earth to continue the census of the plant world, but to this day the census is still so far from complete that every year a hundred or more field men can each bring large collections of new species to the great herbariums of Europe and America, says the American Forestry Magazine of Washington.

So vast has grown the number of plants discovered and described that Linnaeus could come back to his beloved Upsala, he would be lost in his own realm, for his modest census of 10,000 plants has grown to the bewildering total of 250,000 and will very likely pass 300,000 before the last returns are in. In fact, there will ever be any last returns.

The delicate fronded ferns and their allies, the highest of the flowerless plants, would be represented by about 3,000 species, mostly from tropical regions; and the tiny mosses, the humble pigmies among leaf-bearing plants, would add 10,000 species to the list.

The remarkable plants known as algae, which float as threads of green scum, or live as little green balls in water or moist places, or grow in the sea like the giant kelp, swell the census by at least 15,000.

The list would close with about 65,000 of that wonderfully diverse class of vegetable forms known as fungi.

"Americans All" Win Applause From Congressmen

"MR. CHAIRMAN," said the other day Representative Mondell of Wyoming, majority floor leader of the house, "I desire to call attention to the fact that there are now in the gallery looking down on this assembly of the representatives of the American people some new Americans, fine stalwart young gentlemen, who come to us from some 14 different countries beyond the seas. [Applause.] They come here to be of our citizenship, and they have given evidence of their good intentions by putting on the uniform, and in four months these young men have learned to read and speak English and to drill as fluently as the best soldiers under any flag. [Applause.] Representative Tilson of Connecticut added: "This detachment of recent army recruits under the direction of Col. Bernard Lentz of the general staff of the army has been making a tour of the country to demonstrate that the army has created a 'melting pot' that actually melts. The detachment is popularly known by the appropriate title and designation of 'Americans All.' Four months ago they could not write or read the English language. Anyone who witnessed the drill on the Plaza at the east front of the capitol this morning and understood its full meaning will appreciate what has been done, is being done, and will continue to be done in this great American melting pot of the United States army at Camp Upton, N. Y." [Applause.] Mr. Tilson obtained permission to insert the names of the "Americans All" in the Congressional Record as follows:

Pedro Arnez, Sylvester Balchmann, Aurelio Aurechlo, Osgo Christensen, Kusti Franti, Odilian Gosselin, Walter Hucko, Argele Intili, Henry Jurk, David King, John Kolk, Norman Kerman, Eugene Kristiansen, Frank Kristopoulos, Johannes Lenderink, Fidel Martin, Attilio Marzi, Gurt Mistricty, Michael Myntowych, Francisco Pungl, Joseph Rossignol, Ichne Semos, Joe Sheshtak, George Strong, Hendrix Svennigsen, Fritz Wold and Jules Boutin.

The safety-first movement, which had grown in a few years to be an important item in the program of practically every railroad in the country, has been encouraged and developed by the United States railroad administration. In the various districts, or "regions" as they are called, into which the railroad mileage of the country has been divided for purposes of administration by government authorities, "No Accident" campaigns have been conducted, usually for a week or a month, and an extraordinary reduction in accidents as compared with the corresponding period in the previous year has been noted in every case.

Most accidents result either from unsafe machinery and tools or from careless practices on the part of employees. Dangerous conditions can be permanently remedied.

Safety First Railroad Methods Save Many Lives

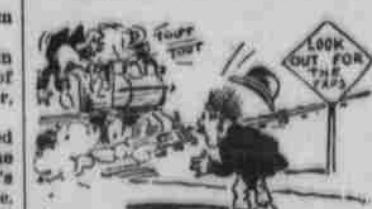
DURING the first six months of 1919 the number of casualties to passengers, employees and trespassers on American railroads was 21,983 less than during the corresponding period of the year before. This remarkable showing is no haphazard occurrence.

Neither is it merely a reflection of a temporary decrease in railroad traffic during the months of readjustment following the armistice. On the contrary, it is the result of years of organized effort, of perseverance in the face of difficulty and indifference, and it is only the forerunner of what those behind the movement confidently expect to accomplish.

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Drug Stores Sell It.
Five million people
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HILL'S
CASCARA QUININE
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Standard cold remedy for 20 years.
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top with Mr. Hill's
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HEADACHE
Often Caused by
Acid-Stomach

Yes, indeed, more often than you think. Because ACID-STOMACH, starting with indigestion, heartburn, belching, food-repelling, sleep and gas, if not checked, will eventually affect every vital organ of the body. Severe, blinding, splitting headaches are, therefore, of frequent occurrence as a result of this upset condition.

Take EATONIC. It quickly banishes acid-stomach with its sour bust, pain and gas. It aids digestion—helps the stomach get full strength from every mouthful of food you eat. Millions of people are miserable, weak, sick and ailing because of ACID-STOMACH. Poisons, created by partly digested food charged with acid, are absorbed into the blood and distributed throughout the entire system. This often causes rheumatism, biliousness, erythema of the liver, heart trouble, dizziness and even cancer of the stomach. It robs its victims of their health, undermines the strength of the most vigorous.

If you want to get back your physical and mental strength—be full of vim and vigor—enjoy life and be happy, you must get rid of your acid-stomach.

In EATONIC you will find the very help you need and it's guaranteed. No get a big box from your druggist today. If it fails to please you, return it and he will refund your money.

EATONIC
(FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH)

Conditional.

"But we simply must have a cook!" wailed Mrs. Newlywed tearfully. "I've never lived in a house without one."

"Well, if it's as bad as that, mum, I'll come," replied the hesitating candidate. "I don't mind staying so long as I don't have to do any of the cooking."

Nasty
Colds

Get instant relief with
"Pape's Cold Compound"

Don't stay stuffed-up! Quit blowing and snuffling! A dose of "Pape's Cold Compound" taken every two hours until three doses are taken usually breaks up a cold and ends all gripe misery.

The very first dose opens your clogged-up nostrils and the air passages of the head; stops nose running; relieves the headache, dullness, feverishness, sneezing, soreness and stiffness.

"Pape's Cold Compound" is the quickest, surest relief known and costs only a few cents at drug stores. It acts without assistance. Tastes nice. Contains no quinine. Insist on Pape's Ad.

Growing Suspicious.
If anybody tells you that someone else said so, the betting is 50 to 1 that someone else never said any such thing.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Real Difficulty.

"Don't you have a lot of trouble keeping down expenses?"
"Not so much as I have keeping up the revenue."—Boston Evening Transcript.

Put your feet down in the right place, and then stand firm.—Lincoln.



Baby's Clothes

will be white as the driven snow when laundered if you use

Red Cross Bag Blue

It never streaks or spots the clothes, nor does it injure the most delicate fabric.

All good grocers sell it, 5 cents a package.

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